A

SERMON

ON THE

PASSION of our Lord and Saviour *JESUS CHRIST.*

Preach'd before Her

MAJESTY

THE

Queen Dowager,

In Her Chappel at

Sommerset House,

Upon *Good Fryday*, April 13. 1688.

By F. *Angel Bix*, of the Holy Order of St. *Francis.*

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A 1

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Q. Dowager.

Propter ſcelus Populi mei percuſſi eum.
Iſaiæ cap. 53. verſ. 8.

I have ſtruck him for the Sins of my People.
Iſaias *Chap.* 53. *verſ.* 8.

'TIs true, my angry God, 'tis true, you ſtruck him indeed, you ſtruck him within, & you ſtruck him without; killing Agonies of ſorrow within, and dolorous pains without; you ſtruck his Head with Thorns, his Hands and Feet with Nails, his

ders with Rods and Scourges, his Heart with Spears and Launces; in a word, you ſtruck him all over, and never left ſtriking till you ſtruck him dead upon a *Croſs*. *But why? what's his Fault? what's his Crime? quid enim mali fecit?* Is not he the Holy of Holys? Is not he the Lamb without Spot? Is not he the Only Son of all your tender Loves? and the eternal Object of all your inflam'd Affections? Why then, O why do you ſtrike him? and ſtrike him with ſuch ſeverity as ſhakes the whole Frame of Nature, and ſets all Heaven and Earth a trembling: *Quid enim mali fecit?*

'Tis true, replies the Heavenly Father, my Son is *Innocent*, but ſince by an exceſs of Love he has taken upon himſelf to pay the *Debts*, and anſwer for the *Sins* of Men, we are Friends no more, I have declar'd War againſt him, I'll open all the Floodgates of my Anger at once, I'll give full carriere to my indignation, I'll arm my hands with all the Scourges of my wrath, I'll ſtrike him to the very Heart *for the Sins of my People*: *propter ſcelus populi mei, percuſſi eum.* Sin then I ſee (dear *Chriſtians*) *Sin* was the fatal cauſe of all this

bloody

bloody Cataſtrophe, *Sin* brought this Lamb to the Slaughter, *Sin* put the *Author* of *Life* to *Death*, *Sin* crucified the Only begotten Son of God, *Sin* provok't the Juſtice of the Eternal Father to lay on all theſe heavy ſtrokes upon the Shoulders of this *Innocent* : *propter ſcelus populi mei, percuſſi eum* ; *I ſtruck him for the Sins of my people.*

But here I find more hands than one imploy'd to ſtrike this *Holy One* ; three ſorts of hands ; 1. *Hands of Love* : 2. *Hands of Cruelty* : 3. *Hands of Juſtice*. Hands of *Love* begin to make him ſmart for *Sin* ; Hands of *Cruelty* increaſe his dolorous pains ; Hands of *Juſtice* cloſe the deep and doleful Tragedy : or to expreſs my ſelf in clearer terms, *Jeſus* ſtrikes his own Heart with the hands of *Love* in the *Garden of Olives* ; bloody Tormenters ſtrike him with hands of *Cruelty* in the *Great Prætorium* or *Judgment-Hall* of *Pilate* ; and his Eternal Father ſtruck him dead with the hands of *Juſtice* upon the *Mount of Calvary*. Come then (dear *Chriſtians*) let us with bleeding hearts and weeping eyes follow our Suffering *Meſſias* through all thoſe Places

or

or Stations of Sorrow; where,

Division
1 The *Love* of his own *Divine Heart.*
2 The *Cruelty* of his *Insulting Persecutors,*
3 The *Justice* of his *Angry Father,*
Struck him for the Sins of the people, and made him bleed to Save us.

But first let us cast our selves at the feet of his Compassionate Mother; for though she's even plung'd in a bitter Sea of Sorrow, yet all *Sorrow*, as she is, she'l not refuse her Maternal Assistance; nay, I dare assure you, 'twill be some relief to her afflicted heart, to hear us speak devoutly of her Suffering Son, especially, if we draw that fruit from the *doleful Contemplation* of his Passion which He and She desires: and this, O *dolorous Mother* of our expiring Saviour, this is the only Boon we now demand upon our knees, with this mornful Anthem of the *Church*;

Virgo Virginum præclara
nobis jam nonsis amara,
fac nos tecum plangere.
Eia Mater istud agas
crucifixi fige plagas
cordi nostro Valide.

Amen. Ha!

HA! no doubt, no doubt, but the disorder of *Sin* is a strange disorder, seeing nothing could ever satisfie for this disorder but the Sufferings of a GOD: the stain of *Sin* must needs be very foul, and of the blackest dye, which nothing could wash away but the blood of the *Spotless Lamb*: and the evil of *Sin* must needs be greatest of all evils, which nothing could repair but the death of *Life it self*. But when, or where did the Son of God begin to satisfie for this Disorder? blot out this stain? and repair this evil? Ha! *Christians*, 'twas in the *Garden of Olives*, 'twas in his own hands, even the hands of *Love*, that he may truly say, *propter scelus populi mei, percussi me, I struck my self for the sins of my people.*

And yet to see a *Jesus* in his own hands, has nothing in it sure that's rigorous; at least, according to all appearance it should be so; for as he knows his own *Purity*, his own *Sanctity*, his own *Innocency* better than all Men and Angels besides, so doubtless he'l be kind to himself, he'l spare himself without all *question*. Ha! no, no, (dear *Christians*) would you believe it, the Love of *Jesus* strikes the first blow upon the heart of *Jesus*, that I may truly

truly ſay, *Jeſus* is become his own firſt Judge, and his own firſt Executioner; *propter ſcelus populi mei percuſſi te.* In effect, methinks I contemplate the boundleſs Love of his Heart, like an inviſible Prieſt leading this Innocent Victim into this *Garden of Olives*, as into a Holy Temple, the fitteſt place for ſuch a Sacrifice; and he makes choice of the night, becauſe then all Nature being clad in mourning, or buried as it were under the dark ſhades of ſolitude and ſilence, Love had more power to act upon his tender *Heart* & fill his afflicted *Soul* with ſuch bitter Floods of ſorrow as forc't him to groan forth this ſad complaint, *My Soul is ſorrowful even to death*: *Triſtis eſt anima mea uſque ad mortem. Math.* 24. 30. But here to go on in order, let us with penſive hearts contemplate the *Prayers*, the *Tears*, and the *Bloody Sweat* of our Agonizing Redeemer: or here let us ſee if Tears will give us leave to ſee

Subdiviſion of the firſt part.

How *Jeſus* { 1 Prays, 2 Weeps, 3 and Bleeds

For the ſins of the People.

What

What odds there is between the Spirit of the World and the Spirit of the World's Redeemer, we ſee by frequent Experience, and it's obvious, that Perſons of Honour, Courage, and Conduct, endeavour all they can to hide their inward grief from the eyes of others, though grounded upon the juſteſt motives, becauſe they look upon it as a weakneſs unworthy of a generous heart: but Jeſus the Lord of Glory, Jeſus the Strong God, Jeſus the Power and the Splendour of the Father, who might have cover'd the interior Sorrows of his Soul under the dark Clouds of Night and Solitude, takes three of his Diſciples to be the Witneſſes of his hidden Dolours, as they had been of his publick Miracles: tell us then, tell us, O you bleſſed Men, you choſen Favorites of our Suffering Lord, you Privy Councellors to the King of Dolours, tell us what paſt in this Garden of Sorrow; expreſs, if you can, thoſe ſecret Agonies of Grief which ceas'd his Royal Heart: *Alas*! *alas*! all they can ſay, is only this, *Factus in agonia, prolixius orabat*: *being caſt into a deep Agony, he pray'd with more than uſual fervour.* Luke 22. 44.

Pater, ſi fieri poteſt, tranſeat a me calix iſte: *Father, if it can be done, let this Chalice paſs from me*: As if he would ſay, O my Eternal Father, I ſee *the ſins of the people* have arm'd the hands of your Juſtice with Rods and Scourges, I ſee a bitter Chalice in your hand brim full of Vineger and Gall; (*Mark* 14. 35) and I muſt needs confeſs, my inferiour nature even ſhrinks and trembles at the ſight on't; and therefore if ever this tongue of mine has proclaim'd the Glories of your Name, hear now the groanings of my heart, which calls you Father, *Abba, Pater*, and if it can be done, *ſi fieri poteſt*, if the rigorous decrees of your revenging Juſtice can diſpence with a ſpotleſs innocent; remove, O remove this bitter Chalice from me, *ſi fieri poteſt, tranſeat a me calix iſte*: but if I muſt drink it, if you are reſolv'd to ſtrike me for the Sins of the People, if I muſt die, let me die a death leſs painful, leſs rigorous, leſs ignominious, and more worthy the Divine Life of a God, which you have given me, *tranſeat a me calix iſte*. But here you muſt be ſure to underſtand me well, for the Holy Fathers and Learned Divines of the *Church* aſſure us, this Prayer of Chriſt was neither poſitive nor

nor efficacious; for ſo the Heavenly Father muſt needs have heard this Prayer, and ſign'd this juſt Petition of his Only Son, it being ſtill in the power of this *Holy One* to drink, or not to drink this bitter Cup, to looſe, or not to looſe his precious Life for us; in a word, cries the Prophet *Iſaias*, chap. 53. 7. *Oblatus eſt, quia ipſe voluit*; He was offered up a Propitiatory Sacrifice *for the Sins of the People*, becauſe he himſelf would have it ſo. This Prayer then was only to ſignifie the conditional deſires and imperfect wiſhes of the inferior part of his Soul; as if he would ſay, Ha! ſinful Souls, for whoſe dear ſake I ſuffer, *videte afflictionem meam*: (*Thren* 1.) I leave you your ſelves to judge how bitter, how ſevere, how ſharp my ſorrows are, ſince though I know, 'tis the Decree, the Will, and the Pleaſure of my Father, though I my ſelf am reſolv'd *to lay down my life for my Flock*, and imbrace my Croſs with open Arms, yet I ſeek for a Diſpenſation, and am forc't to cry, Father, if it can be done, let this Cup paſs from me; *Pater, ſi fieri poteſt, tranſeat a me calix iſte*. Thus we have heard him Pray, now let us ſee him Weep for the Sins of the People, *propter ſcelus populi mei*, &c.

2. The Divine St. *Paul*, in his Epiſtle to the *Hebrews*, tells us, (*Heb.* 5. 7.) the Coeternal Son of God, during the time of his Earthly Pilgrimage; or, as he words it, *in diebus carnis ſuæ*, in the days of his Fleſh, offer'd up Prayers and Supplications with a loud cry and Tears, *cum clamore valido & lacrimis*, to ſignifie by this miſterious mixture of Prayers and Tears, the exceſs of thoſe imbittering Sorrows which tranſperſe his Holy Soul within, and are the cauſe of all theſe Prayers and Tears without, *cum clamore valido & lacrimis*. Thus you have heard him Pray, thus you have ſeen him Weep.

3. But now prepare the ſanctified Veſſels of you Hearts to receive thoſe Cordial ſtreams of Blood which flow from all the parts of his Sacred Body in ſuch abundance, as not only pierce his *Seamleſs Coat*, but run down trickling to the ground in ſhowers, *factus eſt enim ſudor ejus ſicut guttæ ſanguinis decurrentis in terram*, Luke 22. 44.

Bern. *Serm.* 3. *in Ramis Palm.* The devout St. *Bernard*, in a melting Contemplation upon this dolorous Miſtery, tells us, the loving Saviour of the World, upon this little *Mount of Olives*, ſeem'd to weep in every part

part at once, *membris omnibus fleviſſe videtur*; Nature had given him only two Eyes to weep, but Love, *Love* it ſeems had given him a hundred thouſand, ſo many Pores, ſo many eyes to pour forth Tears of Blood *for the ſins of his People*; like Fire impriſon'd in a Rock, which having made two or three little breaches to get out, and finding them too ſtreight, flys about like Lightning, flames out on every ſide, and breaks its ſtony Priſon in a thouſand places: *membris omnibus fleviſſe videtur.*

The Sea has its Ebbings and Flowings, and they ſay, the divers motions of theſe waters are guided by the hands of an Angel; but 'tis Love, *'tis Love* guides theſe Ebbings and Flowings of Blood in the tender heart of Jeſus, till at laſt, heaving and ſtriving between Hopes and Fear, *Love* wins the day, and gains a Glorious Victory over all the natural fears and apprehenſions of his afflicted Soul; *verumtamen non ſicut Ego volo, ſed ſicut Tu*: *Mat.* 26. 39. O my Eternal Father, though Death does now appear in all its frightful ſhapes, though this bloody Engine of the *Croſs* is an Object ſo terrifying to my inferiour Nature, though the ſight of all theſe

Nails

Nails and Thorns, and Rods and Scourges, make the very Blood run trembling in my Veins, yet ſince you will have it ſo, it muſt and ſhall be ſo, *verumtamen non ſicut Ego volo, ſed ſicut Tu*; Behold then, O my Heavenly Father, behold theſe firſt drops of Blood which I here ſhed in your preſence with my own hands; let this be a witneſs of my Obedience to you, and my Love to Man: Yes, my Divine Redeemer, my Agonizing Saviour, this is a Witneſs indeed, not only of your Obedience to the Decrees of Heaven, and your Love to me, but alſo of that ſecret Sorrow which afflicts thy Holy Soul: O the firſt drops of my deareſt Maſter's Blood, I adore you whereſoever I find you, I adore you cleaving to his Garments, I adore you beſprinkling the Flowers of this Garden, I adore you trickling down to the ground in ſtreams. Ha! 'tis here, *'tis here*, if ever I may truly ſay, *thou art a Spouſe of Blood to me*, (*Exod.* 4.) becauſe here thou haſt eſpous'd me to thy ſelf, and ſign'd this happy Contract between us with thoſe purple ſtreams of thy own moſt precious Blood which flow from all the parts and pores of thy Sacred Body, to waſh away *the ſins of thy People.*

Here

Here then, *Chriſtians*, give me leave, though a Sinner, to act the Holy *Baptiſt*, and point you out the Lamb of God that takes away the Sins of the World; *Ecce*, Ecce *Agnus Dei*, *ecce qui tollit peccata mundi.*

But here I am ſeiz'd with admiration, and loſt in wonder; *for*, to ſee my loving Saviour bleed upon the *Altar* of the *Temple*, in the Miſtery of his *Circumciſion*, was no great wonder, for there ſtands a Prieſt with a ſharp Knife in his hand, ready to cut him and make him bleed; nor was it any wonder to ſee him bleed upon the *High Altar* of the *Croſs*, for here I find whole crouds of bloody Tormentors arm'd with Thorns and Nails, and Rods and Scourges, and Spears and Launces, ready to wound him from head to foot, and make him bleed all over: but to find him bleeding upon this *little Mount of Olives*, and bleeding all alone, that's the Wonder of Wonders: and yet this bleeding body of a Jeſus does accuſe ſome one or other to have given the fatal blow: but who? was it *Peter*, *James*, or *John*? Ha! no, no, *for* they were faſt aſleep, *invenit eos dormientes, erant enim oculi eorum gravati*, Mat. 26. 43. Beſides, they lov'd their Maſter too well to wound him,

him; and yet when all's done, I ſay, this Body could not bleed without hands; ha! 'tis true, *Chriſtians*, *'tis true*, and if you remember, I told you at the very beginning of this Diſcourſe, by what hand he bleeds; 'tis by his own hand, even the Hand of Love; Love's the Launce that opens all his Veins, and makes him bleed in ſhowers *for the ſins of his People.*

But why ſuch haſte, my Divine Redeemer? why ſuch haſte? there's time enough to bleed at the *Pillar*, there's time enough to bleed at your *Coronation*, there's time enough to bleed upon the *Mount of Calvary*: Ha! no, no, I ſee his Love's impatient, he cannot, he will not ſtay ſo long; if you will not believe me, hear him ſpeak himſelf, *Baptiſmo autem habeo baptizari, & quomodo coarctor uſquedum perficiatur*, Luke 12. 50. *I have a Baptiſm to be baptized withal, and how am I ſtraitned* (or even *languiſh*) *till it be accompliſhed*: And if you deſire to know the motive, or the reaſon of this preſſing, this haſty deſire in the Heart of a Saviour, to bleed *for the ſins of his People*, and bleed by his own hands; it was, ſays the melliſluous St. *Bernard*, becauſe he foreſaw the effuſion of his moſt precious Blood upon

upon the *Mount of Calvary*, would be attended with the greateſt of all Sacriledges, whil'ſt he offer'd up the greateſt of all Sacrifices, and therefore he reſolves, upon this *Mount of Olives*, to have no other hand but his own imploy'd in this *ſweet Sacrifice of Love*: *Solus in mortem tradit animam ſuam.* Bern. *Serm. Fer.* 4. *Hebdom. ſanct.*

No queſtion, but the Incarnate Son of God had always the Croſs in view, even from the firſt inſtant of his *life*, he knew what he came for, he knew what he was to do, and what he was to ſuffer, *ipſe enim ſciebat quid eſſet facturus, atque paſſurus*: And yet 'tis *credible*, theſe apprehenſions of his Croſs were not then ſo violent, or ſo afflicting, becauſe his death appear'd at a greater diſtance; beſides, he foreſaw all thoſe noble imploys he was to undertake for the Glory of his Heavenly Father, all thoſe conſpicuous Miracles he was to work in the World, to prove the power of his Divinity; and perhaps. theſe illuſtrious Ideas of what he was to do, might in ſome meaſure, ſweeten the bitter reflections of what he was to ſuffer. But alas! alas! knowing this very night to be the laſt of his

Life, and that his dolorous Paſſion was to begin within two or three hours, then, *O then*, his Love redoubling all his natural Fears, took all other Objects from his ſight, and left him none but that of his approaching Death. O my ſuffering *Jeſus*, I ſee, I ſee your Love is like to coſt you dear! O how rigorous are thoſe Laws your Juſtice has inacted againſt your ſelf? When a guilty Criminal is condem'd to die, they uſually hide from his ſight all thoſe Inſtruments of Juſtice which are to bereave him of his Life; 'tis enough he falls once a Victim to the Law, 'tis enough he dies once, without cauſing him to die over and over again by frequent Repreſentations of his pains; but theſe Laws of Common Humanity, which favour the very worſt of Men, were not made, it ſeems, for this Holy Innocent. Ha! no, no, for the firſt, *if not the greateſt* of all his Suffering, is to ſee them all at leiſure; and if you ask me why? I anſwer, 'twas to content the boundleſs Love of his Heart, by ſuffering twice for us, 1. *Really*, and 2. by *Reflection*: *Really*, on the day of his *Paſſion* upon the *Mount of Calvary*; and by *Reflection*, on the night (as I may call it) of his Sorrow upon this *Mount*

of

of Olives. In fine, many doubtleſs were the Motives, the Reaſons, or the Cauſes of this thrice repeated Prayer, theſe Floods of Tears, this bloody Sweat, this inward Grief, this interiour Agony of *Jeſus*, as the dolours of his bleſſed Mother, the Treachery of *Judas*, the Denyal of *Peter*, the ſhameful flight of his Diſciples, and the like. But I wave all this, to inſiſt upon the laſt and the greateſt Cauſe of all, the everlaſting Ruine and Deſtruction of ſo many Thouſand Souls, notwithſtanding all theſe bitter things he has done and ſuffer'd *for the Sins of the People.*

Here then (*Pious Auditors*) raiſe your mournful Attentions, and with the *Eyes of of Faith* contemplate your Agonizing *Jeſus* upon this *Mouut of Olives*, as *it were*, upon a high Stage, or an Amphitheater, whence he diſcovers all the Nations of the Earth, and takes a general view of all the *Reprobate* at once : he ſees (for example) how many thouſand Souls will be loſt in ſuch an Empire, how many in ſuch a Kingdom, how many in ſuch a Province, how many in ſuch a Town, how many in this *Great Metropolis of the Land* : and at the ſight of this, his tender Heart even ſinks away within him ; ſee,

ſee how he falls down proſtrate to the ground upon his Holy Face, under this heavy load of Sorrow, *procidit in faciem ſuam*, Mat. 26. 39. O what a weighty burthen of Grief is here! which conſtrains Omnipotence it ſelf to groan; O! do but hear, how he makes this Garden ring with that doleful Complaint of the Prophet, *ergo in vacuum laboravi, & vane fortitudinem meam conſumpſi*, (Iſaias 49.) *Therefore in vain have I labour'd, in vain have I conſum'd my ſtrength*: in vain all theſe Prayers, in vain all theſe Tears, in vain all this Sweat, in vain all this Blood, *ergo in vacuum laboravi, & vane conſumpſi fortitudinem meam.* I ſay not this, O my Eternal Father, I ſay not this to blame the rigours of your Juſtice, ha! no, no, for you know I am ready to be crucified upon every Tree, and ſcourged in every corner of this Garden, if you will have it ſo; if one Life is not enough, I am willing to looſe a thouſand; if theſe guſhing ſtreams of Blood which here I ſhed in your preſence with my own hands, is not as yet ſufficient to quench the flames of your anger, pour, O *pour* whole Torrents of Blood into theſe Veins of mine, and I'll ſhed it here as freely as I part with this: but for whom muſt I *Pray*, and *Weep*,

and

and *Sweat*, and *Bleed*, and *Die* ? For *Infidels* ? *Pagans* ? *Idolaters* ? And of theſe, how many will be Sav'd ? not one, *no not one*, for he that does not believe in the Only Begotten Son of God, is already condemn'd, *quia non credit in nomine Unigeniti Filii Dei*, *John* 3. 18. Muſt I bleed for my Chozen People, the *Jews* ? alas ! of thoſe, you have promis'd me but a ſlender Flock : in a word, muſt I looſe my Life for *Chriſtians* ? Ha ! you have told me, that even of thoſe too, many ſhall be call'd, and few chozen, *multi ſunt vocati, pauci vero electi*, Mat. 20. 16. Therefore in vain have I labour'd, in vain have I conſum'd my Strength, *ergo in vacuum laboravi*, &c. O what poor comfort for an Agonizing God ? But hold, has the Heavenly Father then reſolv'd to harden his Heart and ſtop his ears againſt all theſe bitter groans and piercing cries of his only Son ? Are the Heavens made of Steel againſt theſe loud and fervent Prayers of this Holy Innocent ? No, at laſt, an Angel is ſent from Heaven to comfort him in the midſt of all his Sorrows, *apparuit Angelus de Cœlo confortans eum*. Dread Sovereign Lord (cries this illuſtrious Envoy from the High *Jeruſalem*) let not your noble heart ſink under this heavy

load

load of Sorrow, for though your ſufferings will be fruitleſs to ſome, they'l prove moſt effectual to others, your Croſs ſhall be this day ador'd through all the parts and corners of the Univerſe; this day, the greateſt Kings and Princes of the Earth ſhall lay down their *Imperial Crowns* at your ſacred feet, ſtrip off their Royal Purple, and creep upon their very knees to worſhip this *Throne* of your Empire, and kiſs theſe bleeding wounds, theſe precious ſigns of their *Redemption*; theſe are the joys which attend theſe ſorrows, theſe are the fruits of all theſe Sufferings, theſe are the ſweet flowers that are to ſpring out of this Earth, which now you have water'd with the ſhowers of your own moſt precious Blood; *apparuit Angelus de Cœlo confortans eum*, Luke 22. 43.

But what need of Angels to comfort the Lord of Angels? ſince 'tis in the power of Men to perform this Duty better than all the Angels of God together; and the caſe is clear, for the only comfort he requires, is to ſee his Paſſion efficacious, and the Angels cannot make it ſo, becauſe he died not for them, but for us: from us then, and from us alone he expects this conſolation, as the firſt

firſt return of our grateful hearts, for theſe firſt drops of his Blood ſhed by the hands of his Love. Ha! Dear *Chriſtians*, there are Reprobates enough in the World, who trample the Blood of this Lamb under foot; there are damn'd enough in Hell to render his Paſſion fruitleſs; but we, for our parts, before we ſtir a foot out of this Holy Ground, this Garden of Sorrow, let us reſolve to render his Sufferings efficacious by a timely Repentance, and a ſpeedy converſion to our God; and ſince *Jeſus* ſtrikes his own tender heart with the hands of Love, till he opens all the veins and pores of his bleſſed Body to pour forth tears of blood for our Iniquities: ha! let us ſtrike theſe *more than ſtony hearts* of ours with the hands of a holy indignation againſt our ſelves, and never leave ſtriking, till we open every vein within, and every pore without, to weep whole floods of repentant tears, which being mixt with the *Tears*, and the *Sweat*, and the *Blood* of the Lamb, may ſerve as a *precious Laver* to cleanſe our polluted *Souls* from all the ſordid *Spots* and *Stains* of Sin. And thus having devoutly Ador'd the firſt *drops* of our Dear Redeemer's Blood in his own Hands, the *Hands of Love*; now let's adore

Adore the ſecond, though in the hands of his *Enemies*, though in the hands of Cruelty it ſelf : which is the ſecond *Scene* of this bloody Tragedy, and the doleful Subject of my *Second Part*.

Second Part.

HEre again I find three ſorts of hands imploy'd to ſtrike this Holy One ; Hands of *Traytors*, Hands of *Judges*, and Hands of *Tormentors*.

The Hands of { *Traytors* ſtrike at his Liberty, *Judges* ſtrike at his Honour, *Tormentors* ſtrike at his Blood.

And all for the Sins of the People
Propter ſcelus populi mei, percuſſi eum.

But what hand, think you, was the firſt that ſeiz'd this Innocent, and made this bold attempt upon his Liberty? Was it not the hand of a *Sythian*? an *Infidel*? an *Idolater*? Or rather, was it not the frightful Claws and Clutches of a *Lion*, a *Wolf*, a *Tyger*? For theſe ſure had been the fitteſt Inſtruments for ſuch a bloody Cruelty : Ha ! no, no, *that I ſhould live to ſay it*, it muſt be a conſecrated Hand, the hand of an *Apoſtle*, the hand of a *Prieſt*, muſt take this *High Prieſt*, and Soveraign Biſhop of our Souls : Scarce were three hours elaps't ſince his Maſter rais'd him to

to the Royal Dignity of *Prieſthood*, and gave him power over his own true and natural Body, *ſuper corpus Chriſti verum*, that is, power to conſecrate and offer up this Body in Sacrifice upon Holy Altars, and not commit ſuch an unparallel'd Sacriledge upon the ſame Body; power to receive it himſelf, and diſtribute it amongſt the Faithful, for the Spiritual Food and Refection of their Souls, and not deliver'd up to the hands of his blood-thirſting Enemies to be ſcourg'd and crucified; he was chozen to go and publiſh the Name of *Jeſus* to the utmoſt Confines of the Earth, and not to betray his *Jeſus* in this little corner of the Earth, this private Garden of *Gethſemany*; the Relicks of that precious Cup he had receiv'd at the *Laſt Supper*, were ſtill warm in his breaſt, and yet this deſperate wretch could find in his heart to conſult and deal with the *Scribes* and *Phariſees*, and the *Seniors* of the People, and ſell them the Son of God for thirty pence, *quid vultis mihi dare, & ego vobis eum tradam.* O abominable avarice! to ſet all the Treaſures of Heaven and Earth to ſale at ſuch a vile rate as this is.

He places himſelf like a Captain at the Head of this curſed Troop, and to ſeize him with more ſecurity, gives them a ſign of his Treachery, a *treacherous Kiſs*: Thus (cries the Learned *Auguſtin*) thus abuſing the ſign of Peace, to commence a cruel war againſt his Loving Maſter; *O ſignum ſacrilegum, ubi ab oſculo incipitur bellum, & per pacis indicium, pacis rumpitur ſacramentum.* O thou perfidious Villain! O thou worſt of Men, and Traytor to thy God! But why ſhould I fling dirt in thy face? revile thee, or call thee *Foe*, ſince thy Dear Maſter calls thee *Friend*, and gives thee the Kiſs of Peace? Ha! no, no, thou art unhappy enough without our Imprecations, for having abandoned the Life of thy Lord to the cruelty of his bloody Perſecutors, thou haſt abandon'd thy own to fury and deſpair, and with the

very ſame hand that betray'd him, thou haſt *deſtroy'd thy ſelf*, and truely, 'twas fit it ſhould be ſo, becauſe thou could'it not periſh by a hand more inhumane, more barbarous, or more ſacriligious than thy own. But if I ſpare thy Name, I blame the curſed Example thou haſt left behind thee, for thou haſt taught the ſinful Sons of Men to ſell and betray their *Jeſus* every day: But who are thoſe that ſell their *Jeſus*? thoſe that ſell their precious Souls, which coſt a God ſo dear, for a little Honour, a little Intereſt, a little Pleaſure, for Toys, and Trifles, and empty Shadows. And who are thoſe that betray their *Jeſus*? Thoſe that approach the Sacred Altar, and recieve the Great Sacrament of Love, whil'it at the ſame time, their wicked Hearts ſwell with envy, burn with revenge, and are ſtill machinating ill deſigns one againſt another, *ſedens adverſus Fratrem tuum loquebaris, & adverſus filium Matris tuæ ponebas ſcandalum*: Pſalm. 49. v. 20. *Thou ſitteſt and ſpeakeſt againſt thy Brother, thou ſlandereſt thy own Mothers Son*: And all this (I ſay) coming freſh from the Table of Peace and Love. O *Judas*! *Judas*! have I not reaſon then, to imprecate the ſcandalous preſident thou haſt left behind thee to Poſterity?

1. But Alas! whil'ſt I am ſpeaking, the *Lamb* is taken and bound in Cords and Chains by this treacherous crew: but come, Dear *Chriſtians*, let us adore theſe Bonds, and kiſs theſe Chains, for they import great Comfort to us loſt Creatures, becauſe, if the Only Begotten Son of God does this day looſe his Liberty, 'tis, that we may all, one day, enjoy the glorious Liberty of the Free-born Sons of God, *qua libertate Chriſtus nos donavit*, cries the Great Apoſtle in his Epiſtle to the *Galatians*, chap. 4. v. 33. The Royal Prophet tells us, *that ſinners are bound in Chains*, Pſal. 113. 6. Two ſorts of Chains, *Chains of Time*, *Chains of Eternity*; the Chains of Sin are the Chains of their own unruly Paſſions,

ſions, which keep them in a wretched ſlavery to all the evil propenſions of corrupted Nature: and the Chains of Eternity are Chains of fire, bonds of flames, which bind the Damn'd in thoſe dark dungeons of horrour *there below*. But joyful News, happy Tidings! *Jeſus*, to break theſe Chains of our ſins, & prevent theſe Chains of Hell, is this day bound in Chains, *Jeſus* is made a Priſoner to ſet us Free; *qua libertate Chriſtus nos donavit.* O Sacred *Garden of Olives*, witneſs of his Captivity; O ſwift *Torrent of Cædron*, dy'd with the ſtreams of his moſt precious Blood, tell us, I beſeech thee, tell us all that paſs'd in this Miſtery of Sorrow, expreſs, if you can, the Impiety of theſe Traytors, and the Innocence of the *Lamb* that is taken: ha! there is nothing in it but what is painful, rigorous, and ignominous.

And now let us follow this illuſtrious Captive to the Houſe of *Caiphas*, which I may truely call his Priſon, for here I find him under a double Guard, and plac't, as it were, between Heaven and Hell, Men and Angels; the ſacriligious hands of Men ſtrike him on the face, and crie in deriſion, *Prophetiza nobis, Chriſte, quis te percuſſit; Propheſie unto us, O Chriſt, who 'twas that ſtruck thee*: whil'ſt the Angels at the ſame time contemplate his Divine Face thus ſwell'd and disfigur'd with blows, as the very object of all their Joys, and the fruitful Source of all their Glories, [*in quem deſiderant Angeli proſpicere*, 1 *Pet.* 1. 12.] The impious hands of Men tear the hair off his head; but the holy hands of Angels gather up all this hair together again, as ſo many precious Relicks; The wicked Sons of Men bend the knee in ſcorn, and ſalute him with an *Ave Rex Judæorum*, *Hail, King of the Jews*; (Mark 15. 18.) but the Angels, thoſe bleſſed Sons of God, fall down proſtrate in his preſence, and adore him as their Soveraign Lord and Maſter: theſe bloody Traytors make the Great *Prætorium* ring with clame-

outcries against this Innocent, *tolle, tolle, crucifige, crucifige eum, away with him, away with him, crucifie him, crucifie him*; whil'st all the Angels above intone his Praises, and make the Heavens eccho with a joyful *Holy, Holy, Holy*, Lord God of Sabaoth, *Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth*: But hold, you Sacriligious Traytors, hold, 'tis a God you persecute under this Vail of Flesh. O you Angels of Peace, you that weep so bitterly to see your Heavenly Soveraign in the midst of all these vile Indignities, why do not you break his Bonds and Chains asunder, and set him free? why do not you draw the flaming Swords of your Anger, and destroy these insulting Creatures, as you destroy'd the whole Army of *Senacharib*? Reg 4. c. 19. v. 35. Why do not you strike these desperate Miscreants with blindness, as you struck those abominable *Sodomites*? Gen. 19. v. 11. Ha! no, no, you Triumphant Legions of Victorious Angels, this is not your *Hour*, but the hour and the power of darkness, *hora & potestas tenebrarum*, Mat. 26. 53. This is your hour, my Divine Redeemer, to suffer with Patience; but when, *O when*, will it be our hour to imitate thy patience in all our Sufferings? Thus, *thus*, the hands of Traytors strike at his Liberty. But now let us see how the hands of Judges strike at his Honour, and all for the Sins of the People, *propter scelus populi mei*, &c.

Angeli pacis amare flebunt, Isai. 33. 7.

2. The Judges were the *Scribes* and *Pharisees*, and *High Priests*, and *Princes*, and *Rulers* of the People, Wise-men, Learned-men, Licentiates *in utroque jure*, expert both in the Divine and Humane Laws: So here, sure, if ever this guiltless Innocent will be clear'd, his Cause justified, and himself set at liberty; but *alas! alas!* their Injustice will frustrate our expectations, and you would think they had receiv'd

ceiv'd their Authority to no other end but to rob the Lord of Glory, of his Honour; thoſe Injuries we receive from private perſons, though they ſeem to cloud our Reputation, may be imputed to ſome ſecret grudge or enmity; and thoſe rude Inſolences which are offer'd to Perſons of Honour, by a tumultuous Rable, may be aſcrib'd to ſome popular heat of an unthinking Mobile, without any prejudice to their Blood or their Character; but when a Man's arraign'd at the Bar, and there accus'd, preſented, and condemn'd according to all the points and Forms of Law, when he receives his Sentence in open *Court*, where *Juſtice ought to be unbyaſs'd*, then we conclude (generally ſpeaking) that he is guilty.

O what a ſhameful confuſion then! what a ſtrange humiliation for this Holy of Holies to ſtand before theſe wicked Judges, and preſent himſelf at their Tribunals! But Heavens! what have Men to do to judge a God? How comes his Cauſe to fall under their Examination? By what Law are they become his Judges? Beſides, they are his ſworn Enemies, corrupted by their own Paſſions, and blinded with pannick Fears: St. *Chryſiſtom* aſſures us, this *Court* was an Aſſembly of Thieves, who were reſolv'd to rob the World's *Meſſias* of his Life and Honour both at once, *Annas* and *Caiphas* were impious, *Herod* a Tyrant, *Pilate* an Idolator, the *Scribes* and *Phariſees* meer Hypocrites; and yet *Jeſus*, the Only Begotten Son of the Living God, *Jeſus* the Lamb without Spot, *Jeſus* the Innocent, ſtands before theſe Judges bare-headed, a Rope about his Neck, his hands bound behind him, and patiently expects, like an apparent Criminal, to receive the Sentence of his Death. O Soveraign Lord of all Heaven and Earth, O thou juſt Judge of the Living and the Dead, 'tis here, *'tis here*, if ever thou haſt, not only humbled, but even annihilated thy Honour, and ſtript thy ſelf of Glory, for lower

thou

thou canſt not go, than to be judg'd by thoſe whoſe Judge thou art. *Obſtupeſcite Cœli ſuper hoc, & portæ ejus deſolamini vehementer* : be aſtoniſhed, O ye Heavens at this, and you, ye Gates of that Glorious City, ſhake and tremble at it, cries the holy Prophet *Jeremiah*, chap. 2. verſ. 12. the *High Court of Juſtice* there above, wonders to ſee ſuch Injuſtice in our *Courts* here below : in effect, what has he done ? what's his Fault ? what's his Crime ? *quid enim mali fecit* ? Was it for having given *Sight* to the Blind, or *Hearing* to the Deaf ? Was that a fault ? Was it to have *Cleans'd* the *Leper*, and *Rais'd* the Dead ? Was that a Crime ? Or was it, in fine, becauſe he call'd himſelf a God ? and a Son of the *Higheſt* ? Ha ! was he not ſo ? Yes, yes, his unheard of Silence, his unparallel'd Patience in the midſt of ſo many Injuries, ſo many Calumnies, ſo many Clamorous, Outcries, and falſe Depoſitions of perjur'd Witneſſes, more than ſufficiently declare his Divinity and his Innocency both at once : for, as the Learned *Tertullian* obſerves excellently well, he muſt needs be a God, who being thus accus'd, and thus abus'd, had nothing in him of the Troubles, the Diſquiets, or the Impatience of Man ; *nihil de impatientia hominis imitatus eſt*. *Pilate* himſelf admires his Silence (*Mat.* 27. 14.) and is ſo charm'd with the luſtre of his Virtues, that he proclaims him Innocent, and of his Judge becomes his Advocate, *nihil invenio cauſæ in hoc homine* ; Luke 23. v. 4. Well then, *Pilate*, *well*, and ſhall a wicked piece of Policy, a baſe compliance for humane reſpects, a ſervile fear to looſe the amity of *Cæſar*, force thee at laſt to pronounce an unjuſt Sentence againſt this ſpotleſs Innocent ? Yes, this was the loſs of *Pilate*, and this is the loſs of many, who to pleaſe the

Tert. *l. de patien.* c. 3.

the Princes and *Great Ones* of the World, break the juſt Laws of God; and ſpurn at the Commands of their Heavenly Soveraign.

But alas! alas! here again, whil'ſt I am ſpeaking, my *Jeſus* is ſtill diſhonoured more and more, a *Thief*, a *Murderer*, a *Seditious Man*, a *proſtigated Villain* is prefer'd in Election before the *Lord of Glory*. Methinks, in all reaſon, they ought rather to have choſen one that gave Life to the Dead, than one that took away the Lives of the Living. But what remedy? the *Scribes* and the *Phariſees* will have it ſo, they inflame the multitude, and ſtir up the people to chooſe *Barrabas*, and refuſe *Jeſus*, *non hunc, ſed Barrabam*, John 18. 40. O unhappy choice, and moſt injurious to the Honour of *Jeſus*, unleſs, perhaps the Sinner makes a worſe, when he prefers his own will and pleaſure, before the Will and Pleaſure of his God; for he renounces *Jeſus*, not bound in Cords and Chains, not *Jeſus*, ſtanding like a Criminal at the Bar, but *Jeſus* in the Kingdom of his Glory. *Jeſus* ſtanding at the Right Hand of his Eternal Father: Ha! how often does the wicked Man ſay in his heart, *non hunc, ſed Barrabam*: away with a God, the World is my God, die *Jeſus*, live Pleaſure, take who will the Creator, give me the Creature, *non hunc, ſed Barrabam*. But now let's return to *Pilate*, and ſee at laſt how he reſolves to diſpoſe of this Holy Innocent; for I ſee he would fain ſave his Life, and yet would needs pleaſe the *Jews* too, if poſſible, *volens Populo ſatisfacere*; Mark 25. 15. To this end, he takes his place in the Judgment Seat, and there condemns this Spotleſs Lamb to looſe a part of his Blood to ſave the whole.

Silence then, *ſilence* in the Court, for the Judge is now ready to give ſentence, but a ſentence the moſt barbarous, the moſt inhumane, and the moſt unjuſt that ever yet was heard of; hear it then, *Chriſtians*, and even tremble when you

you hear it; for the very first clause of the Sentence imports that *Jesus* must be Scourg'd. But hold, *Pilate*, hold, before this bloody Sentence pass any further, I appeal; and since my loving Saviour has no other Advocate but his own Innocency, and is resolv'd to smother his own Cause in silence, I'll plead in his behalf: *Pilate*, though you design by this means to set your Prisoner free, and save his Life, yet you shed his blood unjustly; for, must an Innocent be scourg'd, to satisfie the rage of his cruel Enemies? Besides, you know this Penalty is inflicted by the Law upon *Thieves, Murderers, Traytors, Disturbers* of the *Publick Peace*, and such like Monsters of Nature; and which of all these Crimes does he stand guilty of? Of *Treason?* no; for he expressly ordain'd, all that Honour, Homage, and Tribute should be render'd to *Cæsar*, which is due to *Cæsar*; Mat. 22. 21. *reddite ergo quæ sunt Cæsaris, Cæsari.* Of breaking the Peace? Ha! no, no, for he is the very God of Peace, *Deus Pacis*, he sent his Disciples about the World as Messengers of Peace, and commanded, that into what House soever they entred, they should not fail to cry, *Pax huic domui*, Peace be to this House. Of *Theft* or *Robbery?* no, no, for he came down from Heaven upon Earth, and left the High Throne of his Glory, to inrich us Mortals with his Poverty, *ut illius inopia nos divites essemus*; 2 Cor. 8. 9. Why then *Pilate*, O why dost thou pronounce such a barbarous Sentence against this Innocent? a Sentence so contrary to the Dictates of thy own Conscience? *Go, go*, 'tis cruel, 'tis unjust, and therefore since there is no hopes of Justice upon Earth, I appeal to Heaven: But why should I appeal? since he himself does not appeal, but submits to this Sentence of Man as to the Sentence of God pronounc't against him for the Sins of his People, *propter scelus populi mei, percussi eum.* But this is not all, for not content to have lost his Liberty in the hands

of

of *Traytors*, and his Honour in the hands of *Judges*, he is going now to looſe his Blood in the hands of *Bloody Tormentors*.

But, whil'ſt they are binding up the Rods, and preparing the Scourges, the Loving Saviour of the World preſents himſelf in Spirit before his Heavenly Father, who is arm'd with the Rods and Scourges of his Juſtice againſt the Sins of the People; but he (like a tender Mother, who ſteps between her offended Husband and her guilty Son, chooſing to receive the blows herſelf, and ſave her Child) he, *I ſay*, ſteps between *his Father's Anger and our Soul's danger*, and makes, as 'twere, a Shield of his own ſpotleſs Body, to receive all thoſe heavy ſtroaks of anger our ſins deſerv'd, crying by the mouth of the Prophet, *Ego in flagella paratus ſum*, Pſal. 37. v. 18. O my Eternal Father! there's not a part in this Body which you have given me, but what is now prepar'd for Scourges: O turn then, turn away the ſtripes of your Indignation from the ſinful Sons of Men, and turn them all upon the Shoulders of your Innocent Son; for I am ready to go, not only into this *Prætorium*, but to ſurround the whole World with a Cord about my Neck, and crouds of Tormentors at my Heels, to be ſcourg'd in all thoſe places where you have been offended: *Ego in flagella paratus ſum*. And truely this Miſtery was ſo dolerous, and ſo ignominious to the Son of God, that you would think the Holy Evangeliſts were even afraid to Record it, for all they ſay of it, is only this, *flagellatus eſt*, *he was ſcourg'd*.

'Tis here then, dear *Chriſtians*, 'tis here, if ever, I beſeech you to withdraw your Eyes from all other Objects, and fix them upon your Suffering Redeemer in this bloody poſture, to which his own Love, and your Crimes have brought him: 'tis here you may read in Characters of Blood, the exceſs of his Love to you, and the reciprocal

Obligation of your Love to him, for every wound he receiv'd at this Pillar, is a Tongue that cries, *Ecce quomodo amabat*, see, see how he lov'd : And therefore, not to love such a Suffering Love as this, were altogether unsufferable : But why must they needs scourge him in a publick Hall ? why do no they rather lead him into some private place, in some measure, at least, to lessen this shameful confusion ? When a guilty Criminal is to be scourg'd, it suffices that two or three Witnesses be present ; and must all the World be present at the scourging of a God ? O why all this pain ? why all this shame ? why all this rigour ? Ha ! Sinner, Sinner, 'tis to let thee see thy Crimes are too great to cost thy God but a little ; 'tis to let thee know how execrable those sinful pleasures are, for which a God, a *God* must be scourged : In fine, they strip't him, or (as others have it) they caus'd him to strip himself ; and this I may say was, if not the most dolorous, at least, the most ignominious of all his Sufferings ; for this indeed is the greatest affront that can be offered to a Man of Honour. That Golden Oracle of the Church St. *Chrysostom*, speaking of the three Children in the fiery Furnace of *Babylon*, tells us, those scorching flames, forgetful of their own all devouring Nature, touched not the Garments of these Holy Servants of God, out of a reverential regard to their Honour, and a deep respect to their Modesty ; *Vestibus puerorum ob honestatem ignis pepercit.*

But alas, alas ! this Virginal Body of the spotless Lamb, fram'd of the purest Virgin Blood, by the wonderful Operations, or misterious overshadowings of the Holy Ghost, *Luke* 1. 35. must have no such Priviledge, but stands there naked, in this shameful posture expos'd to the publick view of Heaven and Earth, Men and Angels, Friends and Foes. And now methinks, I see the Eyes of these cruel Tormentors

tors, ſparkling with anger, their mouths even foaming with rage, their hands loaden with ſcourges, and their arms lifted up, ready to begin the woful Tragedy: but hold your hands a while, let's ſee if there be no hopes of a *Reprieve*. O Eternal Father, 'tis in your power alone to hear my Prayer, and grant my juſt Requeſt, he's your Only Son, he's the Object of your tender Love, he's Innocent: 'tis true, replies the Heavenly Father, he's my Son, but he's your Caution; he's the object of my Love, but thy ſin is the object of my hatred; he's Innocent, but thou art a Criminal, ſtrike him then Tormentors, and ſtrike him till he ſmarts *for the ſins of my People*; *propter ſcelus populi mei, percutite eum.* Ha! ſcarce had they ſtruck the ſecond blow, but out ſprings the *precious Gore* in great abundance, ſome ſprinkles the Walls of the *Prætorium*, ſome ſpurts in the very faces of the Spectators, and the reſt runs trickling down to the ground in ſtreams. O my God! my God! what? angry ſtill? Is not your Juſtice fully ſatisfied? O ſure, *ſure* 'tis enough, once more then *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy.* 'Tis true, replies the Heavenly Father, here again, 'tis enough indeed, nay, and too much for him, but not too much for thee, not too much for thy Crimes, thy Rebellions, thy Ingratitudes; ſtrike on again then Tormentors, ſtrike on again for the ſins of my People; *propter ſcelus populi mei percutite eum.* In effect, they ſtruck on with ſuch inhumane Cruelty, and ſuch barbarous Severity, that at laſt, his wounds amounted to the number of above five thouſand. Ha! *Chriſtians, Chriſtians*, remember this, above five thouſand wounds upon the bleeding Body of a *Jeſus*, and not one of all theſe wounds able to wound theſe flinty Souls of ours? O *Adamantine Hearts!* O Rocks, harder than thoſe that flew to pieces at it. The Royal *Pſalmiſt* ſeem'd in his Prophetick views, to eye this dolorous Miſtery, when in the name of our ſcourg'd

Messias, he broke into this sad Complaint, *Supra dorsum meum arraverunt peccatores*; the wicked have not only scourg'd, but even plow'd up my shoulders with their Crimes. And the Learned St. *Cyprian* tells us here, at this Pillar they seem'd to wreck and torment, not so much the parts, as the very wounds of his Body, *torquebant in excessum, non membra, sed ipsa vulnera.*

O the bloody! O the dolorous! O the Ignominious Martyrdom of a loving *Jesus!* his very Tormentors themselves are weary, and the whole Assembly (as hard hearted as they are) crie out aloud, *satis est*, 'tis enough; so at last they unbind the Cords, and loose the bleeding *Captive.*

And here, methinks, I see him sink and fall, not so much under the weight of these Rods and Scourges, as under the heavy load of our Iniquities; but having breath'd a while, and coming, as it were, a little to himself, he seems to wade through a Sea of Blood, to the rocky shore of our hearts, and there groans out this mournful Expostulation: O sinful Soul, for whose dear sake I suffer, see all these bleeding wounds, these wounds upon my Head, these wounds upon my Arms, these wounds upon my Breast, these wounds upon my Shoulders, view them all, and view them well, let not so much as one escape thy sight; these I receiv'd for thy Pride, those for thy Vanity, these for thy Intemperance, those for thy sensuality, and all for thy Crimes, then lay thy hand upon thy heart, and tell me truely, since I have suffered all these wounds for thee, does not this deserve a mutual return of love from thee? but if thou hast found out any darling Creature more worthy of thy love than thy *wounded Creator*; if thou canst not love me, at least pity me, *miserimini mei, miseremini mei saltem vos amici mei*; Have mercy on me, have mercy on me, at least, you my Friends, you my Priests, you that sacrifice this Body upon Holy Altars; at least, you *Catholicks*,

tholicks, you the faithful Children of my Church, you that ſo often eat the Fleſh and drink the Blood of the Lamb, do not you increaſe my pains, renew my wounds, and make me bleed afreſh by your Ingratitude, your Inſenſibility: *miſeremini mei, miſeremini mei, ſaltem vos amici mei*, Job. 19. 21.

Ha! Sinner, 'tis thy God that ſpeaks to the ear of thy heart, what anſwer doſt thou return to his Voice, to his Wounds, to his Blood? *Quid vobis videtur de Chriſto?* What do you think of this Chriſt, thus rent and torn, and ſtruck for the ſins of his people? *Ecce homo*, behold the Man, cry'd *Pilate* to the *Jews*; and *behold the Man*, ſay I to you *Chriſtians*; for he's expos'd (as this day) every year upon our Altars, to ſee how your hearts ſtand affected towards him. Ha! behold *then*, *behold* the Man with that bloody Crown of Thorns upon his Head, and do not you plant new Thorns, or make new Crowns to crown his Head again by theſe frequent failings and daily relapſes into the ſame diſorder. Or again, *Ecce homo*, behold the Man with that ragged purple Garment upon his Shoulders; ſee, ſee, how he ſpurns at all Earthly Greatneſs; let that lower all theſe towring thoughts of Vanity, and teach you true Humility. Or, yet again, *Ecce homo*, behold the Man with that empty Reed in his hand, and be not you like Reeds, ſtill wavering and tottering in all your good Purpoſes and generous Reſolves. Or, in fine, *Ecce homo*, behold the Man that was ſtruck with his own hands, the hands of *Love* in the *Garden of Olives*: behold the Man that was ſtruck with the hands of *Cruelty*, the hands of his Enemies in the Great *Prætorium*. And to cloſe up all, behold the Man that was ſtruck by the hands of *Juſtice*, the hands of the Heavenly Father upon the *Mount of Calvary*; which is the laſt Scene of this deep Tragedy, and the laſt part of this Diſcourſe.

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The Third Part.

THus having follow'd the bleeding Lamb through all those Stations of Sorrow where his own Love, and the Cruelty of his blood-thirsting Enemies struck him for our Iniquities, we are come at last, to the last Stage, even the *Mount of Calvary*, that fatal place design'd for the Execution of this Innocent; that very place where the Eternal Father is resolv'd in his anger, to strike his Only Son to Death for the sins of his people; *propter scelus populi mei percussi eum.*

But O Mount Calvary! *Mount Calvary*! thou place of frightful Skulls and Skelletons, thou place of horrour and confusion, methinks, were it lawful, I could even curse thee in the fulness of my grief, as *David* curs'd those ominous Mountains of *Gelboe*, Lib. 2. Reg. 1. 21. *Montes Gelboe nec Ros, nec Pluvia veniant super vos, quia ibi abjectus est Clypeus Fortium, Clypeus Saul, quasi non esset unctus oleo*; O Mountains of *Gelboe*, let neither Dew nor Rain descend upon ye, where the strong Ones of *Israel* fell, (said he) and O Mountain of *Calvary*, (say I) let neither Dew nor Rain descend upon thee, where, not a *Saul*, not a *Jonathan*, not the strong Ones of *Israel*, but the strong God of *Israel* fell; and fell, not under the hands of the *Philistines*, or under the hands of his Enemies, those cruel Tormenters, but under the heavy hand of his Heavenly Father, now become his angry Judge: *O Mons Calvariæ, nec vos nec pluvia veniant super te, ubi cecidit Deus Fortis Israel, Christus Domini.*

But hold! I fear the deep and sorrowful resentments of my

my heart, have made the ſharp invectives of my Tongue fly too high, and laſh too far; for, if I am not out, this Mountain is innocent, nay, the very Holy of Holies, the *Sancta Sanctorum*; and therefore I am now reſolv'd my ſelf, and exhort you all to love, worſhip, and adore this Holy Mountain, as the Sacred Footſtool of your expiring Soveraign, dy'd with thoſe purple ſtreams of Blood he ſhed *for the ſins of the People.*

St. *Peter Chyſologus*, in a deep and penſive contemplation upon this dolorous Miſtery, tells us, the Son of God appear'd upon this *Mount of Calvary* as a publick Surety, Pledge, or Caution for all Mankind at once, where (ſays this Learned Man) there ſeem'd to paſs a ſecret Coloquie, or a Miſterious Dialogue between the Juſtice of the Father, and the Obedience of the Son: My *Son* (cries the *Father* in his wrath) ſince you undertook to pay the Debts, and anſwer for the ſins of Men, 'tis now high time to adjuſt our Accounts, the day of payment's come, agreed upon between us, ſign'd and ſeal'd in the ſecret and *Sacred Conclave* of the *Trinity*; ſo now my anger muſt be appeas'd, and my Juſtice fully ſatisfied; this weighty *Croſs*, 15 foot in length, which, like another *Iſaac*, thou haſt brought upon thy wounded Shoulders to this Mountain of *Myhr*, this Mountain of *Bitterneſs* is the *Altar*, and thou thy ſelf art the *Victim*: the four corners of this *Croſs* repreſent the four corners of the *World*, and ſignifie, that you muſt bleed, and die for the *ſins* of the whole World; there lies that painful Bed of Sorrow ready to receive thee; and now I expect thy prompt Obedience, for I am now reſolv'd to ſtrike thee dead for the ſins of my People; *propter ſcelus populi mei, percutiam te.*

Willingly, replies the All obedient *Son*, willingly, my Eternal Father, I here willingly ſubmit to all the rigorous

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Decrees of your Justice, but how are you resolv'd to strike me? My *Son*, I'll tell you how; Men sin by their

1. Hands,
2. Feet,
3. Ears,
4. Tongues,
5. Eyes,

And all the other Criminal *Senses* of their Bodies. And therefore I must now strike all the innocent Parts and Senses of thy Body, and make thee smart for all these sins of the People, *propter scelus populi mei, percentiam te.*

1. I'll strike thy hands with Nails for all these Rapes, these Thefts, these Murthers, these Sacriledges, these Impurities, these Adulteries, these Fornications, these unnatural Brutalities, *&c.*

2. I'll strike thy feet, and strike them fast to this Tree of the *Cross*, for these wandrings, these Rovings, these strayings of the Sons of Men through all the By-ways of Iniquity, and all the crooked mazes of sin, for all these unlawful steps, to unlawful places, upon unlawful designs, *&c.*

3. I'll strike thy holy Ears with the clamorous out-cries and horrid blasphemies of the People, for all these lies, calumnies, detractions, perjuries, oaths, imprecations, and profanations of my high and mighty Name, *&c. Paratum Cor meum Deus, paratum Cor meum*, willingly, my God, willingly, my Heart's prepar'd to suffer all; but are you angry still? Is not all this enough to satisfy the rigours of your Justice? No, no, my Son, Men sin by their Tongues, Tasts, Pallats, as well as by their Hands, Feet and Ears.

4. *Adam* you know was rebellious to my Laws, takes and eats the forbidden Fruit, and the greatest part of his posterity ever since, forgetting the dignity of their Nature, and whose Image they bear, imprinted in their Souls, wallow in

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a thousand inordinate Excesses, Intemperances, Dissolutions, and therefore I am now resolv'd to make thee taste, at least, if not drink a bitter Dose of Vinegar and Gall, *Mat.* 27. 34.

5. But what rigorous invention (think ye) has the Justice of my God found out to strike and torment the eyes of this Innocent for all the wanton glances and sinful aspects of his People? here's the subject of my present admiration; was it perhaps to see that great, ungrateful City of *Jerusalem*, where he had wrought so many Wonders? Or, was it to spie some present there amongst the croud, to whom he had restor'd their sight, who look't upon him with miraculous eyes? Or, was it, in fine, to see these cruel Tormentors so busie still about his Cross, and playing at Dice with their bloody hands for his *seamless Coat*? These, I must needs confess, were most afflicting Objects, stabbing sights to see; but all this is nothing, *nothing* to what follows, there, *there* stands one just by the Cross, bath'd in tears, absorp't in grief, Mary, *Mary*, the tender Mother of *Jesus*, was near at hand; that's the Object strikes the eyes, and wounds the heart of *Jesus*, *stabat Mater Jesu juxta Crucem*, John 19. 25.

The Divine St. *Denys*, that Learned *Areopagite*, tell us, that Love is an eternal Circle, which coming out of the heart of God, and passing through the whole croud of Creatures, gathers together all that's sweet, all that's rich, all that's choice and precious, and then returns them back again to the Heart of God, from whence all Graces flow, *Amor est circulus æternus.* But here, upon this Mountain of *Myrrhe*, this *Mountain of Calvary*, I find a Circle of Dolours between the eyes of *Jesus*, and the eyes of *Mary*, between the heart of the Son and the heart of the Mother, between the passion of the one, and the compassion of the other; for Compassion is nothing else but *passion at a rebound*: the passion begins upon the Heart of *Jesus*, and passes by the Eyes into the Heart

of *Mary*, where having left most deep and sensible impressions of all his Sufferings, it rebounds from the Heart of *Mary* upon the Heart of *Jesus*, and circles back again into that bitter Source of Sorrow, from whence it came; every tear of the Mother is a dart that wounds the eyes of the Son, *stabat juxta Crucem Maria Mater Jesu*: in a word, *Jesus* and *Mary* on this *Mount of Calvary*, *Jesus* upon the Cross, and *Mary* near the Cross, like two fires, mutually augment each others flames: O my Son, thy Cross torments me! O my Mother, thy presence afflicts me! Thy pains wound my Soul with a Sword of sorrow, cries the afflicted Mother: Thy grief has reach'd my heart *before the Launce*, and given me a mortal wound, cries the Son; O let me die with thee; O let me die without thee: Oh! what a circle of grief is here between these two loving hearts? And truely, this is no more than what the good Old *Simeon* foretold her in the Temple of *Jerusalem*, *& tuam ipsius animam pertransibit gladius*; *a Sword of Sorrow shall transpierce thy Soul*, Luke 2. 36. And no doubt, no doubt, but that very Sword of Sorrow which transpierc'd the compassionate Soul of *Mary*, struck through her wounded heart at the weeping eyes of *Jesus*; *stabat juxta Crucem Maria Mater Jesu*.

So now for the Justice of my God is fully satisfi'd, here's blood enough to extinguish all these flames of his anger against the sins of his People; for now, says the Prophet *Isaias*, from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head, there is not one whole part in him, *a planta pedis, usque ad verticem capitis, non est in eo sanitas*, Isaiæ cap. 1. v. 6. Where then, or what can the Heavenly Father strike at next, at his Head, that's crown'd with Thorns: at his Hands and Feet? they are gor'd and bor'd with Nails: at his Shoulders? they are rent and torn with Scourges: at his ears? they ring with horrid Blasphemies: In a word, he's so mangled

gled all over, and every part of his Sacred Body ſo ſtrangely disfigur'd, as they have even loſt their Names; this Head is no more the Head of a Man, but the Head of Dolours; theſe Hands and Feet are no more the Hands and Feet of a Man, but the Hands and Feet of Dolours; nor is he himſelf any more a Man, but a Man with that doleful Epithet the ſame Prophet gives him in his 53 chap. and the 3. v. *Virdolorum, the Man of Sorrows.* But O the Anger! O the Juſtice of a God! which ſtops not here, but having ſtruck his ſpotleſs Body without, reſolves now to ſtrike his Holy Soul within, and all for the ſins of his People, *propter ſcelus populi mei, percuſſi eum.*

2. I know, cries the Eternal Father to his Agonizing Son, I know thou didſt begin to wound thy own Soul in the *Garden of Olives*, and thy inſulting Perſecutors gave it ſome wounds with the ſharp raizors of their Tongues, with their Calumnies and Blaſphemies; but I'll ſtrike it to the quick, I'll finiſh the work, I'll conſummate the haulochoſt, and cloſe the eyes of this dying Victim with my own hands, *propter ſcelus populi mei, Ego percutiam te.* But how think you *Chriſtians*? How did the angry Father ſtrike his Only Son? by a dreadful *derelition* upon the *Croſs*, where a God ſeems, in ſome manner, to forſake a God, to ſatisfie by this bitter ſeparation, for that fatal ſeparation we, we our ſelves have too too often made between God and our own Souls by ſin. Whether, in all appearance, ſhould my ſuffering *Saviour* fly for help in this Univerſal Calamity, this general Perſecution? whether, I ſay, ſhould he fly but into the hands of his Father, crying with the Prophet, *in manibus tuis ſortes meæ*? O my Heavenly Father, my Lot is now in your hands, 'tis in your power alone to afford me ſome relief in the midſt of all my ſorrows; *Judas* has betray'd me, *Peter* has deny'd me, the reſt of my Diſciples have left me, and the very ſight of my

dolorous Mother afflicts me, to whom then, but to thee, my God, must I cry for succour, *in manibus tuis sortes meæ*? But alas! alas! these very Hands of God, which are secure places of Refuge for sinners, and sweet retreats of Comfort for the Saints, become places of new grief and sorrow for this Innocent: 'tis here, my expiring Redeemer, 'tis here you find by experience, and feel in your own Sacred Person, what a fearful thing it is to fall into the hands of the Living God, not only for sinful Men, but even for a God himself, when he covers his Sanctity under the shape, the form, and the likeness of sin; *horrendum est, incidere in manus Dei viventis*, Heb. 10. 31. 'Tis this makes him groan forth that sad Complaint, enough to set the very Pillars of the Earth a trembling, and shake the whole Machine of the World, ELOI ELOI LAMMA SABBACTHANI; *quod est, interpretatum, Deus meus, Deus meus, ut quid dereliquisti me*; that is, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? You know, my Eternal Father, I never complain'd of those Traytors that depriv'd me of my Liberty, those Judges that rob'd me of my Honour, or those Tormentors that shed my innocent Blood, I never so much as once open'd my Lips against my ungrateful people, nor do I now repine to see my self abandon'd by all; but to see you, my Loving Father, to see you forsake me, that wounds my heart and fills my Soul with sorrow, that's hard indeed, and touches to the quick, *Deus meus! Deus meus?* &c. Or, perhaps you leave me, because you know me not, being thus strangely disfigur'd from Head to Foot; but 'tis I, *'tis I, Ego sum*; hear, O hear my voice, for 'tis the voice of thy *Jacob*, *vox Jacob*; see, my Eternal Father, see if it is not the Coat of thy *Joseph*, though dy'd in blood, *vide an Tunica Filii tui sit*, Gen 37. 32. see if it is not the flesh of thy only Son, though rent and torn to pieces; though I now hang upon this infa-

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mous Gibbet, between two Thieves, 'tis I, *'tis I* that ſet there above in a Starry Throne between you, my Father and the Holy Ghoſt; this Tongue which is now imbitter'd with a moſt diſtaſtful Doſe of *Vinegar* and *Gall*, is the Tongue that prais'd your high and mighty Name, and proclaim'd your Glories to the World; theſe Hands which are now faſtned to this Tree of Sorrow, are the powerful Inſtruments that wrought ſo many Wonders; theſe Feet, now transfixt with Nails, are the Feet that run ſo faſt to catch that poor loſt Sheep, call'd MAN, and bring him home with Joy to the glorious Fold of your Heavenly Angels: Why then, *O why* have you thus forſaken me? *Deus meus! Deus meus! ut quid dereliquiſti me*, Mark 15. 34.

But when I ſay, that *Jeſus* was forſaken upon the *Croſs*, you muſt not imagine the *Divinity* ever left the *Humanity* of *Chriſt*, or fancy any ſeparation between theſe two; no, no, for the Body and the Soul of Jeſus were always hypoſtalicaly united to the Perſon of the *Word*, though Death made a ſeparation between the one and the other; nor muſt you think he was abandon'd of Divine Grace, for he was always impeccable, or depriv'd of the Beatifical Viſion, for he was always glorious, he always ſaw the Face of his Father in Heaven: How then? how is this dolorous ſeparation to be ununderſtood? Two ways; *firſt*, by a miſterious ſuſpenſion of all thoſe favourable Influences from the Divinity, that might, the leaſt, temper the Sorrows, or leſſen the Sufferings of his Humanity, and ſo leave him to feel the utmoſt rigours of his Torments, *as if* he had been *totus Homo*, all Man, and no God. Or, *ſecondly*, in as much as the Heavenly Father withdrew all thoſe actual Aſſiſtances, and all thoſe interiour Conſolations that might the leaſt contribute to his Comfort: in a word, if he was forſaken, 'twas becauſe he himſelf would have it ſo, *ſicut oblatus eſt, ſic derelictus eſt, quia ipſe voluit*; Iſaias 53. 7.

And thus, *thus* having offer'd up a ſweet Sacrifice of Prayer for his Enemies, Father, forgive them, becauſe they know not what they do; *Pater, dimitte illis, neſciunt enim quid faciunt*; thus having conſign'd his deareſt Mother into the hands and care of his Beloved Diſciple, *Mulier, ecce Filius tuus*; thus, having recommended his Holy Spirit into the Hands of his Eternal Father, *Pater, in manus tuas commendo ſpiritum*; thus having promis'd his Paradice

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to the good Thief, *hodie mecum eris in Paradiso*. Thus having expreſt the ardent thirſt of his Heart for the Salvation of all Mankind, *ſitio*, he cries out with a loud voice, *conſummatum eſt*, it is finiſhed, the great Work I came for is accompliſh'd, *conſummatum eſt*; by which he ſeems to ſummon all Heaven and Earth, all Men and Angels to come and ſee a triple Conſummation; a Conſummation of *Love*, of *Cruelty*, of *Juſtice*; a Conſumation of *Love* in his own Hands, a Conſummation of *Cruelty* in the Hands of his Enemies; and a Conſummation of *Juſtice* in the Hands of his Father; *conſummatum eſt*, or, a full Conſummation of all the Law and the Prophets.

Et cum hæc dixiſſet, and after he had ſaid theſe things, his Face grew wan and pale, his Eyes began to ſink, his Cheeks to fall, his Mouth to gaſp, and the blood run ſlowly from all his Wounds; and then, O *then* this *Jeſus*, who as God, is from all Eternity; this *Jeſus*, who as Man, liv'd three and thirty years, about the Noon-tide of the Day, and in the Noon-tide of his Age, in the publick view of the whole World, to the aſtoniſhment of Heaven, and the amazement of the Earth; *he did* what theſe naked Altars tell us, *he did* what this mourful Sepulchre tells us, *he did* what theſe vail'd Images and cover'd Pictures tell us, *he did* what all theſe other doleful Ceremonies tell us; or rather, *he did* what he himſelf can tell you beſt, *inclinato capite, emiſit ſpiritum*, John 19. 30. he bowed down his all-obedient Head, and *DIED*, and died for the ſins of his people, *propter ſcelus populi ſui, mortuus eſt.*

Concluſio.

SUN, thou bright Lamp of Heaven, withdraw thy radiant beams: Day, hide thy Light, as not daring to behold this bloody Deicide, tremble, O thou Earth, and you ye Heavens, put on the deepeſt mourning to ſolemnize the bitter Obſequies of your great Creator, Rocks and Stones fly to pieces at it, Vail of the Temple rent in ſunder, open, O ye Graves, riſe, riſe you dead, go and proclaim the Innocency of the Lamb that is ſlain, through all the

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Streets of the Holy City, make it eccho in the very Temple it ſelf, let it be heard even in the *Sancta Sanctorum*, in the Holy of Holies, for the Holy God himſelf is ſtruck dead upon a Croſs *for the ſins of the people*: but is it he then, O my Soul? view him well, is this he that crowns the Heads of his Saints with Glory, whoſe Head is now crowned with piercing Thorns? Are theſe thoſe powerful Hands that with three only Fingers ſupport this mighty Machin of the World, which are now faſtned with two great Nails to this fatal Tree of ſorrow? Yes, 'tis he. But, O my divine Redeemer, What's the meaning of thoſe two deep holes, thoſe two bleeding wounds in the very midſt of thy hands? *quid ſunt plagæ iſtæ in medio manuum tuarum?* Ha! Soul, Soul, know, ſays he, I receiv'd theſe wounds in thy houſe, at the ſign of the Serpent *Sin*; *his plagatus ſum in domo eorum qui diligebant me*, Zach. 13. 6. Ha! Sinner, enquire then, enquire no more by what hand theſe wounds were made, for I muſt tell thee to thy ſhame (as *Nathan* told the King) *tu es ille vir*, thou art the Man; 'twas thy pride crown'd his venerable Head with Thorns; 'twas thy impurity rent and tore his tender Shoulders with Whips and Scourges; 'twas thy Avarice faſten'd his Liberal Hands to the *Croſs*; 'twas thy Sloth nail'd his Holy Feet; 'twas thy Anger, thy Revenge tranſpierc'd his Amorous Heart with Spears and Launces; 'twas thy Senſuality, thy Intemperance gave him this bitter draught of Vinegar and Gaul to drink, *tu es ille vir*, thou art the Man. O Loving Saviour of the World, I cannot chooſe but deplore the loſs of ſo much Blood (I ſay, the loſs of ſo much Blood) becauſe, all the returns you can expect from the greateſt part of the World, is nothing but a ſtrange inſenſibility of all your bitter Sufferings, attended with ſuch Ingratitude, as makes the very Heavens bluſh to ſee it, and made the Great Apoſtle weep to think on't; *nunc autem & flens dico, inimicos Crucis Chriſti ad Philipp.* 3. 13. 'Tis not enough, it ſeems, for the Wicked to ſee their *Jeſus* bleeding in his own Hands, the Hands of *Love*; bleeding in the Hands of his Enemies, the Hands of *Cruelty*; bleeding in the Hands of his Father, the Hands of *Juſtice*, but they muſt needs imbrue their Sacriligious Hands in his precious Gore: and as the ſame Apoſtle tells us in his Epiſtle to the *Hebrews*, chap. 6. v. 6. crucifie him over and over again by Sin, *rurſum crucifigentes Filium Dei in ſemetipſis*. Now they come indeed with an apparent ſhew of Sanctity, with tears

tears in their Eyes, and perhaps with sorrow in their Hearts, to Solemnize the doleful Obsequies of the World's *Messias* : but alas! alas! scarce is the Son of God intomb'd, scarce is the *great Stone seal'd up close*, but away they go, and leave their *Jesus* all alone; the Ambitious Man returns to his Pomps and Vanities; the Avaritious Man to his Bags and his Coffers; the Voluptuous Man to his Pleasures and his Pastimes, and all to their old Haunts, to their old Habits and vitious Practices, *rursum crucifigentes Filium Dei.*

But you, for your parts, most pious Auditors, and dear *Christians*, if the Beloved of your Souls is so ill treated by the major part of ungrateful Mortals, let him find a kinder entertainment at your hands; if they trample the Blood of the *Lamb* under foot, do you preserve it as a precious Relick in the holy Shrines of your Hearts; if they dayly wound him anew, and make him bleed afresh by Sin, do you bathe these wounds with the dayly tears of Repentance, and stop his Blood with the ardent fires and flames of a loving Heart: in a word, if you love your wounded *Jesus*, (as I hope you do) think of nothing but these Wounds, speak of nothing but these Wounds; if you read, let it be of these Wounds; if you write, let it be of these Wounds; if you eat, dip every morsel in these Wounds; nay, if you sleep, dream of these Wounds; and when you awake, breath the first acts of your Hearts into these Wounds; in all your Afflictions and Tribulations fly for Refuge to these Wounds; and to conclude, live, live and die in these Wounds of the Crucifi'd *Jesus*, where now I leave you, for in a better place, I am sure I cannot leave you.

Amen.

FINIS.